



AN  
H E A L T H  
TO  
CALEDONIA,

To the Tune of *Marin's* Trumpet Air.

**L** Et *CALEDONIA's* Health go round  
With Martial *Drum* and *Trumpet's* Sound,  
And that we may with Joy abound  
Let each man drink his Bowl.  
Confusion to all Villany,  
All Success to our Colony;  
*Caledonia, Caledonia!*  
And may all dastard Knaves  
Who grumble at their Countrys Glory,  
Ere be Damn'd in future Story,  
Hated alike by *Whig* and *Tory*.  
And live eternal Slaves.

**T**o all dare boldly hold their Faces,  
Spite of Pensions and of Places,  
Spite of Threatning and Disgraces:  
Will ne're bow nor bend.  
To all who will themselves oppose  
Gainst Forraign and Domestick Foes,  
*Caledonia, Caledonia!*  
As worthy Patriots.  
May those who follow other Measures  
Either Greatness or rich Pleasures:  
Be ever balk't of Pelf and Treasures,  
Reck'ned Rogues and Sots.

F I N I S.



